



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Let not the Young my precepts shun,
Who slight good counsels are undone.

THE
HISTORY
OF
Little Charles,

AND HIS FRIEND

FRANK WILFUL.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

LITCHFIELD :

PRINTED BY HOSMER & GOODWIN.

1808.

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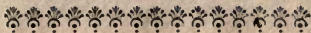
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THE HISTORY
OF
LITTLE CHARLES, &c.



CHARLES BERTRAM lost his parents at an early age, but the care and attention which his kind grandmother bestowed on his morals and education, prevented his being sensibly affected at their loss, for this other tender and excellent parent, so conciliated his youthful affections, and at the same time made him so atten-

tive to her advice and instruction, that he soon was favourably distinguished from his companions, and held forth as an example and pattern to all other children, more particularly to those who were less docile.

Mrs. Bertram had a large fortune, but living entirely in the country, she expended but little ; and, indeed, so very retired was her life, that but for her benevolence being universally known, she would have passed unheeded.

There resided in the same town a gentleman of the name of Wilful, who had a son and



daughter, named Frank and Lucy, they were the most opposite and contrary characters existing in human nature.— Lucy was beloved by all who had the pleasure of knowing

her, she was so mild and good-tempered, while Frank was universally feared and detested for his mischievous and cruel disposition.

They had not been long in the country, before Mrs. Bertram and Mrs. Wilful visited, and, in consequence, Charles and Frank became likewise acquainted. They were at first very well pleased with each other, but in a very short time, the rude and unpolished manners of Frank made Charles tired of his new play-mate.

One evening, while their parents and Miss Lucy were

engaged in the house, the boys obtained permission to play in the grounds. At the end of a little enclosure was a pond, or rather a deep ditch, over which was placed a board for the accommodation of the servants to pass into an adjoining meadow, when they went to milk the cows.

“Come Charles,” said Frank, “let us cross the ditch, it will be good sport to chace the cattle, see how contentedly they are extended on the grass, as if they were secure from being disturbed.”

“Pray, Master Frank,” said Charles “do not be so

cruel—I was just pleasing myself with the thought of the poor creatures having such a nice pasture to feed on and to repose in quiet; I am sure I could not easily forgive their being chased and heated.”

“I don’t mind your forgiveness; for I am determined to please myself with hunting them:”—so saying he ran to cross the plank, but before he had reached half over, it gave way, and he fell into the water.

Charles though greatly displeased, did not hesitate a moment, but gave him all the assistance in his power, and it was very fortunate that the bad



boy was not drowned, for the water was very deep ; indeed, Frank felt the obligation he owed to his young friend, though at the same time he could not forbear inveighing

against his own forgetfulness ; for he owned that he had sawed the board nearly through, out of mischief, that the maids might fall into the pond the next morning, when they went to milk the cows. As this mischance was not attended with worse consequences, Charles was very glad he had thus fallen into his own snare. On the contrary, Frank appeared quite sullen and vexed, that his scheme was not only unfolded, but had also tended to his own punishment.

The boys soon reached the house, and Charles, being too good-natured even to expose

the fault of another, kept back, that Frank might tell his own story; though, had he been asked, he would by no means, nor for any consideration, have deviated from the truth; and meant to have told his grandmother the whole, when their visitors were gone.

Though Frank endeavoured as much as possible to excuse himself, Mr. Wilful was very much displeased, and directly sent a servant home with him, with orders that his clothes should be taken off, and that he should be put to bed.—Mr. Wilful also assured him, that on the morrow he should

be confined, restricted from play, and severely punished.

Frank, for a long time after the unfortunate termination of his mischievous design, continued under the displeasure of his parents; at length, his apparent penitence, docile behaviour, and promises of amendment, caused them to forgive him, and for about a month they had no serious cause to repent of their credulity, he being guilty of no outrage during that space; but unhappily his evil propensities were not as yet sufficiently overcome, or else his good resolutions were too suddenly

made and without being duly weighed and reflected on; however, one severe and unlooked for accident did more towards his reformation, than all the severity, nay, than even all the tenderness of his parents could effect.

Mr. Wilful early one morn-



ing set off on horseback to visit a friend who lived at a considerable distance, and Frank, no longer under the eye of parental authority ; and not expecting his father home that night, found all his propensity to mischief revive—his sister Lucy was busied in his mamma's apartments, and for himself, as he knew he must not presume to seek amusement among the servants, he asked his mother's permission to go into the garden, which was readily granted. He was no sooner out of sight, than he proceeded to form some gunpowder, which he had hid in

the summer-house, into wild-



fire, and opening the gate that went into the high road, he resolved to throw it among some opposite trees, in order to

alarm the neighbourhood. By the time Frank had arranged his apparatus, it was dark, and hearing the sound of horse's feet at some distance ; he suddenly changed his resolution.——“ It is,” said he, “ some one of the old farmers jogging home to supper, if I can but frighten his horse into a good smart gallop, it will be fine sport.”

The unfortunate boy had no sooner formed his design, than advancing up the path, he threw the fire as near as he could direct it towards the horseman, for it was too dark to take a particular aim.

This mischievous trick effected, he gained the house as speedily as possible, well pleased with having, at least, alarmed a traveller.

His mother commended his quick return, and promised to relate his obedience of her commands to his father—then observing it grew late, she rung the bell for a servant to light them to their apartments. No one answering the summons, and she having in vain repeated it several times, attended by her children, left the room, and was crossing the hall, when she perceived several lights in the court-

yard, the servants all assembled on the spot, and apparently in great consternation, though their voices were low, and their words indistinct. Opening a window, she looked out ; but what was Frank's horror and surprise, when he saw his father's horse without a rider, streaming with sweat, and covered with dirt.

Mrs. Wilful flew to the place, and as soon as her alarm gave her power, dismissed the men different ways in search of their master. Mrs. Wilson's anguish had been too great to suffer her to notice her children, but the servants

dismissed, she extended her arms towards them, and bathed their faces with her tears. As Frank was never remarkable for tenderness, where he was not himself the object, she was astonished to find him almost without life or motion, stupid with sorrow, and unable to relieve his feelings with either words or tears, at this moment the servants returned, bearing their master in their arms, bleeding, covered with bruises, and unable to stand. He extended his hands towards his wife and children; but Frank, unable to raise his eyes to his wounded parent, dash-

ed himself on the ground, in an agony not to be expressed, exclaiming, "This crime is committed by me; wretch that I am, I have murdered my father—my wickedness is beyond all hopes of pardon."

Mr. Wilful was immediately conveyed to bed, where his wounds kept him confined many weeks. Mrs. Wilful was happy in insensibility, for a delirious fever with which she was seized, rendered her incapable of feeling the probability of her husband's loss, until the most imminent danger was over. Frank in this, to him dreadful interval, did

not dare venture into the presence of his much injured parents, but running in dismay from apartment to apartment, he would listen first at one door, and then at the other.



In his father's chamber he heard only the heavy moans of one in pain ; in his mother's, the frenzied accents of delirium, calling on her husband, or reviling the wicked contriver of his misfortune.

The now repentant boy became almost a shadow from his uneasiness of mind, while his parents slowly recovered from the state, into which his folly and cruelty had plunged them. Frank, at length restored to their favor, appeared almost by a miracle to have become all they could wish ; his disposition, nay, his very nature seemed changed ; and

since that time, which is now more than five years, his behaviour has been uniformly good, thoughtful, and humane, so that his parents regard the misfortune that afflicted them, as the immediate hand of Providence to effect this great change in his heart, and even those that were most aggrieved by his former follies, heartily forgave him, and commend his present conduct.



FELICITY dwells not with princes; she is not the guest of the great ones of the earth. She has long since fled from palaces, and retired to the scenes of simple nature, to dwell in rural quiet, and become the companion of the harmless village swain.

The shepherd's boy, though poor, is reconciled ;—He rises in health, and lies down in happiness.—The sun is now set—He has folded his stock, and returns home whistling over the plain.—He lives happy in rural simplicity, and in the enjoyment of his wishes, because all his wishes are moderate.

Yet not there alone does she reside ! Would you trace her dwelling, you must follow the foot-steps of content, and the track will lead you to her peaceful mansion.

But forget not, that as content is never to be found, except in the paths of virtue, if you deviate from her ways, you must never expect to find the road to happiness—you will become a wanderer, and the hope of your pilgrimage will be lost.

The state of no human being can be determined till death closes the scene ; and the last end of the good only can be happy.—Emulate their virtues, and, doubtless you will share in their felicity.

For as the silk-worm in due time taketh wing, and mounts into the air ; so the souls of the just, when called hence, shall take the wings of the morn—and ascend into heaven.

But the terrors even of death, are no terrors to the good :——He that committeth no evil, hath nothing to fear.—He is prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

My son ! now in thy youth attend to instruction, and season thy mind with the maxims of truth.

Learn obedience to thy parents, and they shall bless thee.

Learn modesty, and thou shalt not be ashamed.

Learn gratitude, and thou shalt receive benefits :—Learn charity and thou shalt gain love.

Learn prudence, and fortune will attend thee :—Learn temperance, and thou shalt have health.—Learn fortitude, and it will support thee under thy allotted portion of human evil.

THE FIRST LESSON

Of a Father to his Son at a year old.

Boy, love thy mother !—she with tearful
eye
Tends the slow progress of thy op'ning
mind :
Removes the cause of every infant sigh,
And by her practice lures thee to be
kind.

Boy, love thy mother !—calm her beating
heart,
That throbs, affectionate, with care for
thee ;
Compose her anxious breast with play-
ful art,
Press her soft lips, and prattle at her knee.

Boy, love thy mother !—Let thy lisping
tongue,
In broken accents, charm her wond'rous
ear,
And, when again upon her bosom hung,
Say, Oh, Mamma ! I love you, dear.

Boy, love thy mother !—the reflected rays,
Will beam new lustre o'er thy father's
days.

A variety of BOOKS, calculated for the instruction and amusement of children, for sale by HOSMER & GOODWIN, Litchfield—among which are,

1. **T**HE Mountain Lute, or the Happy Discovery.
2. The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.
3. The entertaining History of Giles Gingerbread ; a little boy who lived upon earning.
4. The Hermit of the Forest, and the Wandering Infants ; a rural fragment.
5. Trip's History of Beasts.
6. Pretty Poems, Songs, &c. for the amusement of little Boys and Girls.
7. The life and death of Tom Thumb.
8. The History of Little Phœbe, and the reclaimed child.
9. The History of Little Charles, and his friend Frank Wilful.
10. Fireside Amusement : a new collection of choice Riddles.
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12. The History of Tommy Two-Shoes, own brother to Mrs. Margery.

